Volume LIX CHICAGO, APRIL 18, 1907 Number 7

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

No cheating or bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's "establishment" at half-price. Do we want to be strong?—we must work. To be hungry?—we must starve. To be happy?—we must be kind. To be wise?—we must look and think. No changing of place at a hundred miles an hour, nor making of stuffs a thousand yards a minute, will make us one whit stronger, happier or wiser. There was always more in the world than men could see, walked they ever so slowly; they will see it no better for going fast. And they will at last, and soon, too, find out that their grand inventions for conquering (as they think) space and time, do, in reality, conquer nothing; for space and time are, in their own essence, unconquerable, and besides did not want any conquering; they wanted using. A fool always wants to shorten space and time: a wise man wants to lengthen both. A fool wants to kill space and kill time: a wise man, first to gain them, then to animate them.

—*John Ruskin.*

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VOLUME LIX THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1907 NUMBER 7

Joy of the Morning

I hear you, little bird,
Shouting a-swing above the broken wall.
Shout louder yet; no song can tell it all.
Sing to my soul in the deep still wood;
'Tis wonderful beyond the wildest word.
I'd tell it, too, if I could.

Oft when the white still dawn
Lifted the skies and pushed the hills apart,
I've felt it like a glory in my heart—
The world's mysterious stir;
But had no throat like yours, my bird,
Nor such a listener!

—*Edwin Markham.*

Rev. A. W. Martin, of the First Free Church of Seattle, puts it well when he says: "In all our efforts at personal and social reform we need first of all to see the situation clearly, to have a strong intellectual grasp of the given problem, and then love humanity warmly enough and deeply enough to put our knowledge to the best and most truly helpful account.

"The Chicago Society of Social Hygiene," 100 State street, has put out its first pamphlet. It is a pamphlet of plain speaking concerning suppressed facts. The names of the contributors is a guarantee of the serious ethical intent of it all. Professor Henderson, Judge Mack, Raymond Robbins, Doctors Dudley, Faville, Hall and Belfield would not rush into print with ill-advised sentences or unverified facts. We believe they are right in their contention that wise publicity is sanitary.

The postoffice of Chicago has a superfluous one-cent postage stamp. This superfluous postage stamp has been the despair of the bookkeepers during the last three administrations. The books might be balanced by an act of Congress. Suppose Congress should contribute that one cent as the beginning of a pension fund for the veterans of the postoffice service, who serve the nation as faithfully and as honorably as did ever the soldiers on the tented field, and still there is no provision for them in the days of their decrepitude.

While UNITY is passing through the press the most significant Congress of the year is in session in New York City. This Congress is proving the high success it deserves. Its triumph is not only an encouraging sign of public interest, but it is a tribute to the skill and efficiency of the practical workers who brought it about. UNITY congratulates Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Mead and their associates and hopes that next year the Congress may hold its session in the city of Chicago, and that Chicago will show itself capable of sustaining the high standard set for it by the public spirited citizens of New York.

As might be expected, Professor Starr's confident statements concerning the Congo situation have been challenged by those who have been distressed over barbaric deeds and conditions existing in that dark section of the Dark Continent. John Daniels, corresponding secretary of the Congo Reform Association, contributed a series of five articles to the columns of the *Chicago Record-Herald,* which are now collected in a pamphlet and can be obtained by addressing the Association, 723 Tremont Temple place, Boston. Meanwhile Professor Starr's articles have been gathered in a neat book by Forbes & Co., Chicago.

The Visiting Nurses' Association of Chicago offers its seventeenth annual report in a neatly printed pamphlet. This is one of the quiet benignities of Chicago. It represents left-handed activities of which the right hand knoweth not. Upwards of $58,000 was expended last year. One bequest of $10,000 came from the estate of Mrs. L. Tilton. The city has twenty-three different sub-stations from which a visiting nurse can be summoned. Last year 11,086 patients were ministered to and 1,117 doctors were sent. Some twenty or more nurses are supported by individuals; many of them are provided for by memorial funds. These benignant figures accumulate as we turn the pages and one is encouraged by the reading, albeit it is repair shop work all along the line. This should not be left undone, but it is pathetic to think of the visionless capitalists who have not courage enough to trust their money on preventive and creative lines with the freedom with which they invest in repair work.

A correspondent is distressed because the preacher in the sermon on "Chicago's What Next?" did not emphasize more in his list of remedies the need of better economic adjustments. Perhaps the omission was conspicuous, but the careful reader of UNITY will not distrust its lack of interest in this direction or its sympathies with those who on any and every line are trying to bring about a more just distribution of earth's bounty and a more honorable recognition of the claims of labor. But we believe that the

saloon and its curses, the brothel and its degradations, flourish not so much on the despair and desperation of the under classes as on the greed and corruption of the upper classes. Rev. Ernest A. Bell in the pamphlet on "Education in Matters of Sex," referred to in another note, quotes Judge Lindsay as saying: "I say it unhesitatingly—nine-tenths of our girls go wrong because of the carelessness of parents. I have learned this in the children's court,—that girls find out too late what parents might and should have told them in time." There is an economic element in vice, but viciousness is fostered in vacant minds and the vicious and degrading imaginings work down from above more often than they work up from below.

A copy of the *Daily Patriot,* of Concord, N. H., is before us. A large portion of its columns is given over to the Mary Baker Eddy trouble. It is pathetic to find the celestial pretentions of "Founders" of religious movements and organizations and revealers of divine truth, like Dowie and Mary Baker Eddy, and many before them, entangled in the last years of their lives in a network of business complexities and bookkeeping technicalities. Mrs. Eddy has founded a great movement on the hypothesis of the non-existence of matter; if we may say it,—the immateriality of material interests,—and still, at the end of life here comes a demand for lawyers and the call of courts for accounting of material things. Quite aside from the issue involved, here is the painful anti-climax: an appeal to earthly courts to establish rights in things, the existence or importance of which the "system" denies. This paper contains a "Card" naming the three individuals that constitute the board "who own my property," and the spiritual seer proceeds, over her own signature, to offer the credentials of these men as justification of her judgment and their competency, which seem, to say the least, to be pitched on rather a material basis. Number one, she says, "Won a suit at law in Washington, D. C., for which it is alleged he was paid the highest fee ever received by a native of New Hampshire." Number two is "Editor-in-Chief of the Christian Science periodicals, circulating in the five grand divisions of our globe; also in Canada and Australia." The geography seems a little mixed. The third is "justice of the peace and president of a national bank in the state capital." To these she commits "the hard earnings of the pen, the fruits of honest toil." This is very well, but why this concern for the material things? The same paper contains a letter to "My beloved church" who "as Christian Scientists understand the scriptures, spiritually and scientifically;" to which she naively adds, "is explained by the life of our Lord as depicted in the chapter 'Atonement and Eucharist' in 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures,'" Surely there is entanglement in this situation, an intellectual confusion that cannot but in the long run result in a disintegration of the faith generated by and founded upon those tremendous assumptions and colossal pretensions. The fact that these assumptions are sincere and the pretensions are honest make them all the more embarrassing and confusing. Long ago Emerson said with great penetration, "Beware of him who says 'I am about to make a revelation.'"

Chicago has a new "P. M." but the old Postmaster. The man who carries the title has been changed five times, for political reasons, but the man who does the work remains at his post, consequently the postal service of Chicago will be kept up to its maximum of efficiency. Five different times the "P. M." has been changed to meet the exigencies of the Administration party. Once more the "federal crowd" at Washington has selected a new "P. M." to take the place of "P. M." Busse. Daniel A. Campbell, the new incumbent, is a man but little known in Chicago, outside those interested in the vicissitudes of the Republican party. But John M. Hubbard, the veteran functionary, has kept the complicated machinery in order. He has acquired a vast amount of technical lore. His brain far exceeds in systematic arrangement and orderly complexity of pigeon holes, the great postoffice, of which he is the real head. "P. M.'s" may come and "P. M.'s" may go, but Postmaster Hubbard, like Tennyson's brook, goes on uninterrupted. If this most non-partisan function of the government, if this most complex and highest achievement of governmental utilities must still needs serve partisan purposes and pay its tribute to the party in power, the present arrangement is a good one. The "P. M." who draws the biggest salary and whose time, energy and skill must be ever at the service of his appointees, the senators and representatives of the party in power at Washington, is set apart as a legitimate part of the party plunder, but here the partisan domination ends. In Chicago at least the five relays in the "P. M." department have had sense enough to keep the "Postmaster" in position. Perhaps it was a case of necessity; they could hardly get along without him. But from here down, civil service obtains in the postal system of the United States, and these trusted servants of the public are independent of party ascendancy or political pull. But it would seem that the requirements of justice and the generous impulses of a well-served community ought to give John M. Hubbard the biggest salary and honor somewhat commensurate with his high service and the commendable way in which he has discharged a delicate trust. Postmaster Campbell may become handy around the postoffice on certain lines; he certainly will be very handy when Senator A. J. Hopkins will be a candidate for his own chair in the United States Senate. But the singing Postmaster, John M. Hubbard, is indispensable. UNITY salutes the old reliable Postmaster. May he live long to sing "Old Shady," and to take care of our daily mail!

In its work we are glad to know that the postoffice family remains undisturbed. Col. James E. Stuart, for instance, the Postoffice Inspector in Chicago, has superintended six transfers from one "P. M." to another. Doubtless this supporting of a political boss at the expense of the Postoffice Department is a source of some slight expense to the public and a considerable bother to the public servants, but it is so much better than it used to be in the days before the establishment of civil service when "to the party belongs the spoils" was the song, from the letter carrier up, that it would seem ungracious to even mention this little inconvenience. Perhaps some day the citizens of Chicago will have more to say than the non-resident senators of the state of Illinois in naming the men who will receive the honor and the biggest salary in the postoffice of Chicago.

The Uplifts of Fancy

The greatest one contribution to the better life of Chicago during the week gone perhaps was not anything done in the City Hall or at the Indiana Springs, where the committees for the new Council have been constructed; not in editorial sanctums, the halls of reform, or even in the temples of religion, but down there in the Illinois theater where Maude Adams, in the sweet guilelessness of an innocent nature and receptive spirit, lifted the daily throngs into the dream land of Peter Pan, where fairy folk flitted, where children ne'er grew old, where they flew without wings, where love trysted in the tree tops. Maude Adams as play-father and the little play-mother with the bevy of boys that escaped through the "windows that have no bars," who were "learned in a bird lore," and "knew an east wind from a west wind by its smell," could "see the grass grow and hear the insects walking about inside the tree trunks," did more for the better life of Chicago, for the time, talent and soul invested, than any capitalist in the city, because for a time at least they taught the citizens to have a glad heart and to have faith in something other than dollars and votes, majorities and corporations. For "to have faith," says Peter Pan, "is to have wings."

Peter Pan escaped the discouragements of the mortal because he escaped to the realms where youth was perennial. The greatest contribution of science to religion and morals, perhaps, has been its destruction of time limits. Most of our theological systems have gone wrong and bring confusion because they fail to realize that this old world has been spinning through space a long, long time, and that it has a future as measureless as its past. Horace Mann said, "The difference between the Almighty and me is that I am in a hurry and he is not." The poet ushers us into the presence of the everlasting, and the defeats and the disgraces of today vanish as we look down the long road which represents the inviting career of the struggling spirit.

Omar Khayyam, the Pagan poet of Persia, nearly a thousand years ago struck a fundamental note in poetry, an abiding consolation and inspiration in the resources of the poet when he said:

> "When You and I behind the Veil are past,
> Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last."

When, then, we confront our disgraces, our perplexities, either as individuals or as communities, let us harken to the song of the deathless things and we will take heart and go on. Poor, dirty, sin-smitten, dogma-ridden and party-burdened Chicago! How bad and weak it is! But then, how young and crude and inexperienced it is! Give it time; let it partake of the courage of the milleniums that await it. Ring up the central office a thousand years from now and ask for its election returns; and what glorious returns will be possible a thousand years from now, when Chicago will be preparing to seat a mayor that is tutored of the arts, in love with the Muses, in league with sobriety, enamored of public weal, a gentleman and a philosopher, a patriot and a poet,—all in one pair of shoes!

Every broad page of history proves the vitality, the political wisdom, the statesmanship of the old bards of Briton who, in their triads, decreed that the three primary duties of the bard were—

> To maintain peace and tranquillity,
> To give instruction in commendable sciences,
> To perpetuate the memory of the noble.

The three monstrous things in a bard were—

> To preserve the memory of the dishonorable,
> To corrupt the courtesies of the community,
> To impugn amusement.

Another injunction of ancient Cymry to its bards was that they should teach good usages, sing love without frivolity, praise without flattery, satire without reproach, and instruct and amuse the understanding in a way most easy to learn.

Poetry of this kind is native to the human soul. A bard slumbers somewhere in every heart. Says Browning's Balaustion: We may all

> "share the poet's privilege,
> Bring forth new good, new beauty, from the old."

It is a far cry in time and space and method from Barrie, the author of Peter Pan, to Euripides, the author of Alkestis; from Maude Adams, the gracious interpreter of the one, so artistic in her artlessness, to Balaustion, the interpreter of the other, so fair a modern flower propagated on the ancient stalk of Athenian poetry. But all the way it is life ennobled by poetry; life interpreted by poetry; life made sacred and precious by prophecy; faith served by the penetrating vision of the bard, who is also the seer, the maker of bibles, the confessor of the soul, the high priest of faith, the interpreter of God's ways to men.

Wherever these interpreters appear will follow the joyous laugh, the heroic deed, the devout trust, because—

> "Hearts are hearts, and poetry is power."

April Monthlies

A bunch of April monthlies lies on the editorial table with their confusing attractions. How is one to escape from this real "embarrassment of riches?" We know not how one can keep up with the magazines and preserve much coherency of intellect, the power of continued study and of scholarly investigation. On the other hand, we know not how one can keep up with the times without consulting the contemporary oracles that speak largely through these magazines. It is a paradox which the writer has never been able to solve for himself. Whichever horn of the dilemma he has taken, he misses the inspiration of the other.

International Journal of Ethics. This surely is one of the journals that is "too good to succeed." It does not receive the attention it deserves. Nothing comes to our table more to our mind and liking, and still, alas! perhaps nothing comes so neglected. In this issue the death penalty problem, which is now agitating the legislators of England, receives careful study by one on the inside. Everything William Salter publishes commands attention, as does the article on "The Russian Revolution." Our friend, E. O. Sisson, of the University of Washington, Seattle, shows how the state is slowly absorbing the functions of the church. Surely he is right when he says that "If the state should ever undertake all the labors of love which hitherto have been chiefly performed by the church, the Divine will not have vanished or have been diminished, but will only have clothed itself with a new and more adequate form." Then here is a study of the "Elevation of College Women's Ideals," by Amy E. Tanner, of Pennsylvania, and thirty pages of thoughtful book reviews.

The Kindergarten Magazine, aside from the technical matter, always interesting, contains a valuable account of the Ethical Culture School in connection with Dr. Adler's work in New York, by Caroline T. Haven.

The Review of Reviews inducts the reader into the workings of the newest department at Washington, the Department of Commerce and Labor, under the secretaryship of Oscar Strauss, and gives much expert study of the protection of life on railroads. "The Doctor in the Public School" is the title of another hopeful article. All of which show the tendency of governments to train away from the study and development of the art of killing and to developing life-saving arts.

The Atlantic Monthly. A magazine that contains articles from Andrew D. White, Goldwin Smith, George Herbert Palmer, Richard Watson Gilder, Edward A. Ross, cannot be laid aside with impunity. "The Grilling of Sinners" is the title of Mr. Ross's article, which holds our attention. Ponder this sentence: "If you want a David and Goliath fight you must attack the powers that prey, not on the vices of the lax, but on the necessities of the decent." With your leave, ye genial editor of the *Century,* we will copy your lines from the more sedate *Atlantic* on

"TRUE LOVE TO LIBERTY IS NEVER FOE."

True love to liberty is never foe,
  And he who loves alone is truly free:
Thus thought I when I heard the pulsing flow
  Of mighty music rushing gloriously
Along the channels of unchanging law;
  Thus thought I when I gazed upon the skies
And there the circling universe I saw
  Moving obedient in glad harmonies
About a central inescapable power.
  No sun, nor planet, nor wild comet's course
But owns that sway in every separate hour
  Of all its centuries; to that one force
Freely it yields—as hearts that never rove
  But pour their being in a single love.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

Current Literature maintains well its critical insight. Under the head of "Religion and Ethics" is discussed the theological thunder storm in England, the storm raised by R. J. Campbell's new orthodoxy, the alleged "Pious frauds of the Bible." The facts represented by this phrase will never be in the way of understanding until the emphasis is put upon the "pious" and not on the "fraud."

Here is an appreciative study of Miss Addams's new book under the title of "How to Supplant the Military Ideal." "Are we threatened by a feminine Christianity?" is one of the questions. Why not, if only it be Christianity in its essence and power?

The New England Magazine contains a sonnet to Edward Everett Hale by B. R. Bulkeley, once our Chicago neighbor, which we will borrow for another column, as we touch our cap to America's "Grand Old Man" on his 85th birthday. The "New England" of this magazine reaches to Washington and notes some interesting things doing there, and clear to New Orleans and notes its hopeful growth.

St. Nicholas comes to remind us that we are still a youngster, spite of the unmentioned years, if to enjoy these bright pages is the prerogative of youth. We wonder after all if most "writings for children," "juvenile literature," etc., does not find its highest appreciation among those who are not so awfully young. Were we Czar we would decree that all excellent "juvenile literature" should be read by old folks and a large amount of grown-up literature be read by young folks.

The Outlook. We always have a suspicion that it is hardly fair for the *Outlook* to pass both as the triumphant weekly and the welcome monthly. The outside of the cover says "For April," the inside of the cover says "March 23rd." But certainly this number has other right to a place among the monthlies than its size and the profitable amount of advertising it carries. Hamilton Mabie introduces with fitting introduction Edgar Allen Poe's "The Pit and the Pendulum." "Art and Democracy," by Ernest Poole, is an encouraging and alas! revealing article to many Chicago readers, for it tells how Chicago Art Institute reaches the people. So much has to be said about the defections of cities that it is refreshing to come upon the promise of a series of articles on the "Glory

of Cities." An initial number on Washington is in this week's monthly *Outlook*.

The Light of India. This organ of the east comes from the west. It is published in Los Angeles. Those who are interested in trying to orientalize the United States by importations, not only of thought but to a degree of phrases and formulas, will be tempted to know more of this magazine.

Overland Monthly. We do not look westward often enough in literary ways. We are too unmindful of the fact that from San Francisco, largely through the pages of this journal, did America receive its Bret Harte, its E. R. Sill, Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, John Muir, and many other less famous but worthy lights. "Easter on the Mojave Desert" is the significant title of the leading article.

The American Magazine is worth its weight in gold if it contain nothing else than Ray Stannard Baker's study of the Race Riot at Atlanta. How sanitary is a little fair play, and how rare is the judicial poise that reveals justice in moments of excitement and in the presence of the aberrations of prejudice. To our mind this is one of the most valuable contributions to the much vaunted race question that has appeared in a long time.

The World Today is steadily increasing in dignity, in advertising importance, and is in the way of giving to Chicago a magazine that need not hide its diminished head alongside of the New York bevy of monthlies. Professor Angell's "Reflections of a Layman on Vivisection" and John B. Watson's "Studying the Mind of Animals," illustrated, compel our attention.

Good Housekeeping is a sightly monthly, but to fathom its merit is beyond our editorial power. There may be good reading matter in it, but "Her Hat in 1907," which occupies eight full-page illustrations, is too much for us.

McClure's Magazine. The initial number on "A Study of the Great Immoralities of Chicago," by George Kibbe Turner, has already compelled a sermon study by this writer, which appears in our Pulpit Department. Miss Milmine continues her articles on Mrs. Eddy, and the Reminiscences of Carl Schurz are features of permanent value and commanding interest.

The Century Magazine. This magazine continues in its happy blending of art and letters and in the main is successful in compelling the illustrations to illustrate, subordinating the picture to the text, rather than throwing in the text in order to justify the picture. The stories, of which there are a goodly number, are beyond us. We have not time for one of them. But Jacob Riis's "Gambling Mania" and the study of the sacred Bow Tree, that is 2,195 years old, with appropriate pictures, hold us and touch the preaching centers of our nervous system.

The Advocate of Peace holds itself steadily to its one purpose. It ever preaches upon the one text, which is never to be exhausted. It ought to find its way to every preacher's table throughout the country.

The Unitarian. This New York denominational organ increases the variety of its pages, though it holds itself severely to its mission,—the Unitarian propaganda. It promptly quotes the Unitarians who in UNITY have tried to define the difference between Unitarianism and liberal orthodoxy. The most unique contribution is the picture of the stately tower which was never built in connection with All Souls Church, New York, because the money was devoted instead to the national sanitary commission. What a splendid transmutation was that!

Charities. Here is another indispensable tool for the preacher, always laden with material which should find full exposition in the pulpit and, better still, application and exemplification in the pews. Graham Taylor's account of the recent Industrial Exhibit in Chicago is of peculiar interest and special attraction.

An April Day

Now surely doth this April day
  Bear spray from Lethe on its wings;
The balmy air—the sun's warm ray—
  That frolic bird which springs and sings—
The green shoots starting from the plain—
Why, gone are all the scars and stain
  Of yester storms, and spring's caress
  Charms out of mind the winter's stress.

But yet a lingering dream endears
  The round moon, and the marbled white
    Of placid fields; the thrill, surprise,
    And wondrous depth of starry skies;
The silent circling of the spheres;
  The solemn stillness of the night.

JULIAN A. DUBOIS.

Sauk Center, Minn.

An April Bible

An antique missal sere with age,
This old world opens at the page
Where, wrought in exquisite design,
Illuminated Scriptures shine.

A lyric from the heart of God
Is penciled on the emerald sod—
A shepherd psalm of waters still,
Gold-lettered by a daffodil.

Upon a forest leaf apart,
The sweet outbreathings of the heart
In symbol fair are lifted up
From incense-filled arbutus cup.

Beneath the corner folded down,
Hepaticas on leaves of brown
Are syllabling in accents dim
An older than a Vedic hymn.

Along the margins, butterflies
Attest the truth, "We shall rise";
And birds are tuning vernal airs
To this sweet strain, "Our Father cares."

O sacred month of all the year!
Its Genesis a smile, a tear;
Its Revelation rainbow spanned,
And glorified by God's own hand.

From death to life, its Gospel brief
Writ large on every veining leaf;
Through life to love, its blessed word
Sung clear by every happy bird.

—*Ella Gilbert Ives.*

THE PULPIT

The Way to Utopia

BY JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER.

In Four Parts. Part I.

The Son of Man is born of hope to hope, and he grows because he hopes. Man dreams great dreams before he does great deeds. Anticipation is both the propulsive power and the invigorating atmosphere of the human heart. The ardent expectation of the Day of the Lord when all shall be happy, because perfect, is the mother of progress.

"The desert shall blossom as the rose" was the beautiful symbolism used by the Hebrew teacher to describe his glowing hope respecting humanity, and we may well adopt the statement to express our confidence in social progress as we address ourselves to the discussion of the *Way to Utopia.*

To the oriental mind nothing could be more expressive or impressive than this language which refers to the turning of the arid and dreary desert into a blooming garden.

The Messianic ideal of the Hebrews, here pictured, referred, not so much to the reign of a Messiah, as to the supremacy of holiness and happiness on earth,—a hope which guided them in times of prosperity and armed them with courage in days of darkness. It was, on the whole, a spiritual and a spiritualizing force which served as one of the creative factors of Christianity, so that a *Christian* is a *Messianic man:* one who feels himself anointed and appointed of God so to live that goodwill and goodness shall finally turn the waste places of sin and sorrow into gardens of the Lord, where all things human shall be beautiful and blessed.

I. Other Ancient Hopes.

The urgent desire for a new and glorified humanity, which stirred the best minds in Greece, the immortal Plato described with keen insight and captivating eloquence in the *Republic,* which has been the inspiration of master minds ever since his day.

The Hindu poets who, a little later, wrote the Mahabharata, dreamed of a beautiful city where

> "The poorest man is richly blest
> With knowledge, wit, and health;
> Each lives contented with his own,
> Nor envies other's wealth."

And whatever else may stand in the Way to Utopia "the envy of other's wealth" is surely a serious obstacle.

The great Augustine, following after Plato, but with far less genius though with more stringent consciousness of deity, reared in fancy the radiant walls of a "City of God," which he saw slowly but surely taking the place of the old corrupt social system, which, in his day, was fast going to pieces; a vision of human welfare that, like a candle of the Lord, lighted up the dark ages that followed.

Amidst the general unrest and nascent life of the dawn of the Reformation, Sir Thomas More sketched with a bold, free hand, in his *Utopia,* an ideal of social perfection, then *nowhere* but some time to be *everywhere,* which, for originality of invention, nobility of aim, and reasonableness of details far surpasses any and all of the socialistic schemes which have as yet been formulated.

It may be well to pause here long enough to note the significant fact, for it has an important bearing upon the whole subject under discussion, that the majestic dreams of social betterment, which have inspired civic leaders and shaped human history, the prophetic ideals of Isaiah, Plato, Augustine, More and others, have all pointed to the mountain heights of mental and moral endowment and achievement. None have limited their attention to industrial conditions or been content to plead chiefly for material things. The physical conditions of life have not been ignored, but they have been treated as of secondary importance. Isaiah has not been an inspiration because he promised larger markets, nor Plato a creative force because he promised higher wages, nor Augustine a mighty influence because he promised a better distribution of land! Even to imagine such things of these masters seems like desecration.

II. The Many Dreams Today.

In these days of turbulent unrest and expansive yearnings, innumerable plans and policies have been proposed to increase the happiness of mankind. They range all the way from the communism which abolishes private property and the nihilism which seeks to destroy what it calls the iniquity of government and the superstition of God, to the Christian Socialism which would solve all industrial problems and remove all private woes by making the spirit of love as taught by Jesus, the rule of the individual, the shop, the market, and the state.

All these dreams of Utopia are born of man's dissatisfaction with the present conditions of his life. They reveal the advent among us of new and powerful forces which in the end will reshape and enrich human life, however visionary some of these schemes of amelioration may be. Social unrest is always the sign of life and the herald of progress. It marks both the consciousness that a better civilization is necessary, and also the conviction that the obstacles in the Way to Utopia can be removed. It is obvious that apathy under injustice is worse than disorder, and silence in the face of corruption is the ominous sign of impending disaster.

III. Emancipation Through Education.

But there are great differences of opinion among our social philosophers respecting the ways and methods by which Utopia may be reached. Every man naturally calls that the chief obstacle in the way of human progress which has been the most prominent hindrance to his own advancement. Therefore to remove such an obstacle from the pathway of men seems to him the way to the millennium. To those who view human life from the standpoint of education and see how much joy people lose and how much sin they commit from lack of instruction, the one great obstacle in the Way to Utopia seems to be ignorance; or to make a more accurate statement: a wise and comprehensive training of all man's powers is the one effective method of salvation. These noble apostles of education hold that the teacher must be the Messiah of the future. The Way to Utopia lies along the lines of nurture. They claim that it is only in the school house that we can make sure that the myrtle tree shall come up instead of the briar, and that rational manhood shall supplant vice and brutality. And whatever the faults and limitations of our schools may be, it is evident that education is one of the highways to the millennium.

The law of evolution, in its widest aspects, represents an educational process. Therefore the great law emphasizes education as the fundamental method

of human progress—that is, education in the largest meaning of the term. That our public schools have not produced all the nobility and bliss that ardent reformers predicted of them two generations ago is true. But these smaller results of popular education do not discredit our public schools. They have had to face many unexpected difficulties and grapple with many adverse conditions that were not anticipated. But even when hampered by immigrant and demagogue, by widespread commercialism and the ravages of greed, the public schools do reach a higher degree of success and give to the world a larger contribution of civility than any other secular institution. And it ill becomes churchmen to hold our educational system responsible for the corruption of our time. If the churches would only do their part as well as our common schools do theirs, there would be conscience sufficient for all the tasks and temptations of commerce and citizenship.

IV. The Temperance Cause.

There are other persons among us who see nothing but the evils of intemperance. They claim that if all men could be won to total abstinence, nearly all the sins, sorrows, and sufferings in the world would in a short time cease to afflict mankind. These ardent advocates of sobriety find in the saloon the greatest enemy of the human race. It must be destroyed root and branch before any substantial and permanent social progress can be made. When we consider the heartache and degradation which flow from the drink-habit, the social and political corruption associated with the liquor traffic; when we note the ruin which it that many earnest people see nothing but the evils of intemperance? In many places there is little else to see! When we realize how saloons defy our laws and dominate our municipal politics, we may well wonder how the kingdom of God will ever be established in the world! For so many good men still feed this dragon that lies in the Way to Utopia.

And yet, it is not so much the saloon, bad as that is, which must be destroyed, as that which lies behind it and creates it: the cravings of an overtaxed, undeveloped, and misguided human nature. The root of the evil lies in the fact that men, from common laborer to college professor, seek stimulants in order to increase strength, to remove weariness, and to secure exhilaration. The craving is the cry of the voiceless tissues for rest and recreation: often the demand of mere animalism for gratification of unregulated instincts. But what drink really brings to pass is the growing darkness of death rather than the increasing joy of true life. While it seems to strengthen, it actually weakens; while it apparently removes weariness, it really wastes body and soul; while it momentarily exhilarates, it permanently depresses. These statements can no longer be set aside as the assertions of fanatics, for they are put forth by the highest authorities as the conclusions of exact science.

Several things are needed. First of all the facts, just stated, must be driven home and men must be emancipated from the delusive and ruinous mistake that drink is a real help or an innocent pleasure. They must be made to see and feel that, as a remedy for exhaustion, it is deceptive, and, as a relief from weariness, it is fatally harmful. In the second place, we must provide the needed recreation and exhilaration by means that are both innocent and effective: by means that represent, not the *dissipation,* but the *conservation,* of life. What is also needed is a clearer and wider appreciation of the great fact that "moderate drinking" and the use of *light liquors,* are, in many respects, more harmful to both body and mind than occasional drunkenness. And best of all, we need to train men so to live that they shall be free from all morbid and unwholesome cravings. They are no part of a sane and rational life. With normal bodies and moral hearts, with less social stress and more spiritual strength, men would cease to drink because free from the appetite and the desire which create the habit.

V. Religion and the Church.

There are some persons in our midst who see in priestcraft the great enemy of human progress. They very easily trace through universal history the terrible havoc made by the superstitions, corruptions, tyrannies and persecutions of religious organizations. To these people, and they are more in number than is generally supposed, all teachers of religion have been bigots and all church leaders have been tyrants. They hold that religious establishments even today are shelters for errors and evils that have vanished from every other field of human life. Count Tolstoy has recently spoken a notable word along this line: notable but not convincing! The Socialists, as a rule, look upon the church as moribund: too weak to help or too corrupt to care! They feel that so-called religion is simply a luxury to the rich, a burden to the poor, a menace to the free. They claim that belief in God is a prop to despotism, hope of heaven a mild opiate to deaden heartaches, creeds and rites utterly incapable of doing for any human being what, in their eyes he really needs. Their cry is: "Give us justice here and now, and we will forego the promised glories of a future heaven. Stop dreaming of the white robes of paradise, and instead double the wage of the laborer that he may decently clothe his children today!"

These earnest but misguided iconoclasts, more numerous than is commonly supposed, revolting from an irrational form of piety, would tear down the church in order that the Republic of Man may appear on the earth. And no wonder that the church is hated by some people. It has done a great many hateful things in the past; and superstitions in matters pertaining to religion do indeed greatly impede the progress of humanity at this very hour. If the churches were at present doing their whole duty, Socialists would be fewer and men would be happier. As the weakness or injustice of a government is the opportunity and inspiration of the revolutionist, so the failures of the church not only alienate men from religion, but also provoke them to go outside of its ministries and institute all sorts of schemes for the improvement of mankind.

And yet, in spite of all these things, we must still hold that organized religion has generally stood for far more good than evil. Its ideal may have been very imperfect and its practice may have been still more imperfect; but it has helped to move imperfect human beings to better conduct and purer joy. The need is constant for religious leaders of spiritual genius to comfort, to inspire, and to discipline weak and wayward souls. The formal creed of the preacher may in some respects contradict the discoveries of physical science, but if his heart is loving, he will enrich the community with the *science of life,* his presence being a gracious benediction and his ministry a perpetual inspiration.

Religion hedges up the Way to Utopia only so far as it is false, and no religion is wholly false. Nearly all faiths have a surplus of good. Today the church

on the whole is the greatest agency among us for human betterment. It removes more obstacles that stand in the way of human progress than any other public institution. Imperfect as it is, the church provides men with more life-motives that are high and noble than any other agency. If men and women in these days would pour their energies into it, making the church all that it ought to be, instead of dabbling in a score of minor interests that only toy with the fringes of life, the human race would make surer and faster progress.

The church must not forget to be a Good Samaritan. It must raise up men who shall lead in every ministry of relief and reform, and it must speak bold words that shall shame the vicious and the unjust into works meet for repentance. But the chief danger today is that the church will fail on the side of its strictly religious duties. That it will fail to preach and practice with power a gospel on a level with the intelligence, the sentiment, and the need of the age. Its great task is to reveal man to himself as the Son of God, and open within him the deep and everlasting sources of Eternal Life.

(To be continued.)

THE STUDY TABLE

Recent Books From the Open Court Company*

Dr. Carus has recently published two renderings into English of popular Chinese texts. The *T'ai-Shang Kan-Ping P'ien,* of which probably the majority of our readers have never heard, perhaps claims to have enjoyed the greatest popularity of any book ever written. Dr. Carus states that it has circulated in larger numbers than our Bible and that it is today known and read by hundreds of millions of people. It is a Taoist work, presenting the teachings of Lao Tsze in their most simple and direct form. The title may be translated as, "The Exalted One's Treatise Upon Response and Retribution." Dr. Carus presents the actual Chinese text in its original form of printing, merely arranging the pages in reverse order to accommodate western students. Each page of text is faced by one of verbatim English translation. The translation page is divided into squares each corresponding in position to one of the Chinese characters; in each is the English equivalent of the character. This ingenious and simple arrangement cannot be surpassed for convenience and assistance. The student has the means of immediately corroborating, checking, or correcting the editor's translation. This text and verbatim translation are followed by a freer and more graceful rendering and by necessary notes. Some parts of the text are believed to date from the sixth century B. C. It has, however, during its long history, suffered interpolation and has been affected by both Buddhist and Confucian influences. In its present form it perhaps may be four hundred or five hundred years old. It is a short text, but consists of several parts—the introduction, moral injunctions, a description of evil-doers and their penalty, sayings from various sources, and the conclusion. The style is terse and unusually clear and direct. Two earlier translations, entire or in part, have been printed in English—one by Douglas, the other by Legge; the former is incomplete, the latter is included with other matter in an expensive series of volumes. Thus Dr. Carus' translation is the only complete, readily accessible English version. It is well worth while, and all interested—even casually—in Oriental matters and life, religion and letters, will find it valuable. A number of curious and interesting pictures are introduced into the work. The frontispiece is a remarkable portrait of Lao Tsze, "the Exalted One," among the great men of the world. Several quaint Chinese woodcuts are reproduced to illustrate the popular moral stories, which form a part of the text, and some symbolic characters and designs are presented.

The *Yin Chih Wen* is a popular Chinese religio-ethical tract, which has not before been printed in English. It is popular, next to the *Kan-Ping P'ien,* in China, and is privately read and taught in the schools. Professor Douglas refers to it as the *Book of Secret Blessings.* Carus is dissatisfied with this rendering, but finds difficulty in suggesting a satisfactory substitute. He decides upon *the Quiet Way.* Heaven's quiet and mysterious "way" should be imitated by man. The book is considered a divine revelation from the god, Wen Ch'ang. The name of the scribe who recorded it is unknown. Its date is uncertain, but the form here given is scarcely older than 1600 A. D. The work consists of the inspired text, commentary, and illustrative stories. Dr. Carus presents, only in English, the text proper and selections from the commentary, omitting the stories. The tract is brief; its style terse and didactic. The teaching is practical. Conduct is recommended. We quote a few recommendations in closing this notice:

> Promote the good and recommend the wise.
>
> Be lenient with others and exacting with yourself.
>
> . . . be neither chary in selling nor exacting in buying.
>
> Treat your servants with generosity and consideration; do not expect perfection nor be too strict in your demands.
>
> Light lanterns in the night to illuminate where people walk.
>
> Cut the brambles and thorns that obstruct the highway. Remove bricks and stones that lie in the path.

The Lord-Abbot of two Buddhist monasteries at Kamakura, Japan—the Rev. Soyen Shaku—was in America during 1905 and 1906. From the early summer of 1905 until March, 1906, he was in California; later he visted Washington, New York, Philadelphia and Boston. He was often invited to speak publicly, both by Japanese and Americans, and generally selected for his subject one or another point of Buddhistic belief or practice. His addresses were everywhere received with interest and appreciation. As he spoke no English, Mr. Teitaro Suzuki assisted him as interpreter. The sermons and addresses are here brought together and presented with only such changes as were necessary to make them completely comprehensible to the English reader. They are interesting, though subject to two disadvantages: (a) Being presented to differing and separated audiences, there is much repetition in matter and in form; (b) the author not being able to examine and approve the English presentation, we feel that he is not always adequately expressed, or even misrepresented, in the translation. With the best of intentions, Mr. Suzuki has translated with the constant effort to give occidental twang and flavor to the language. Thus it would be interesting to know what the Abbot really said, when

* *T'ai-Shang Kan-Ping P'ien:* treatise of the Exalted One on Response and Retribution. Translated from the Chinese by Teitaro Swzuki and Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago, Ill.: Open Court Publishing Co. 1906. 16°. 139 pp.

Yin Chih Wen. The tract of the Quiet Way. Translated by Teitaro Suzuki and Dr. Paul Carus. 1906. 16°. 48 pp.

Sermons by a Buddhist Abbott; Soyen Shaku. 1906. 16°. 220 pp.

Our Children. Paul Carus. 1906. 16°. 207 pp.

he is represented as saying, "Therefore when we comprehend the secret of the 'little flower in the crannied wall' we know the reason of this universe." St. Paul indeed quoted Greek philosophers and poets, but he *knew* Greek.

The most valuable and interesting of these addresses are those in which some specific tenet or phase of Buddhism is developed. Thus, The God-Conception, Immortality, Buddhist Faith, Buddhist Ethics, The Middle Way, The Wheel of the Good Law, Practice of Dhyana, etc., etc., are excellent. His reply to Dr. John H. Barrows' Haskell lectures upon Buddhism, an open letter, is a fine remonstrance against misrepresentation, good alike in form and content. The author's style is delicate and pleasing, interesting, but rarely strong and virile. The book will profit those who are interested in comparative religion or Buddhism. A fair example of the author's style is given in the following passage, extracted from the address, "Assertions and Denials":

"Buddhists do not think that God has any special abode, that his administration of the universe comes from a certain fixed center or headquarters, where he sits in his august throne surrounded by angels and archangels and saints and pious spirits who have been admitted there through his grace. In short, the Buddhist god is not above us, nor below us, but right in the midst of us; and if we want to see him face to face we are able to find him in the lilies of the field, in the fowls of the air, in the murmuring mountain streams; we can trace his footsteps in the sea; we can follow him as he rides upon the storm; we can meet him in the bush; indeed, wheresoever we may turn we are sure to be greeted by the smiling countenance of the author of this universe. Who says, then, that God is in Heaven, in some unknown region where we mortals are never allowed to venture in without his special permit?"

Dr. Carus' *Our Children* is interesting for various reasons. It is a book of hints on the education of children for parents and teachers. Written by a man who is at once a thinker and philosopher, a father and a teacher, it has practical as well as theoretical value. The motto from Froebel, printed on the title page, *"Kommt, lasst uns unseren kindern leben,"* gives the keynote to the treatment. The book is earnest. Its chapters, on such concrete subjects as Worldly Prudence, The Use of Money, Do Not Punish, Counting, Natural Science, Music in Education, abound in suggestive hints. FREDERICK STARR.

This Life of Ours

It is true, all true, this life of ours,
I can feel its love divine,
It flames in the stars, and breathes in flowers,
And burns in this heart of mine!

In me is knowledge of good that's good,
A power to sense the dear unseen,
And heavenly am I in brotherhood
Of birds that fly, and grasses green!

I am at peace with the heart of things,
The flow of the day and the years,
A something within its beauty flings
Over all my doubts and changing fears.

'Tis a strange, strange spell indeed,
That's made the more by hours of sleep,
The mystery I seek to read—
Life charges death to hold and keep!

But life is true to itself the while,
With an interest no happening mars,
And the face of death has a sunset smile,
And its voice leads on amid the stars!

—WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Wisconsin Meeting

We give below the program prepared for the Fellowship meeting at Madison, Wis. The Ministerial Association took up the matter and formally voted a cordial welcome to this meeting of the Congress, and plans are on foot for the formation of a State Conference of Religion—or perhaps an affiliation of an organization already accomplished with the Congress movement, and its consequent prosecution along broader and still more inspiring lines. We hope all our friends will spread the invitation and contribute as much as possible to the success of this meeting.

C. A. O.

Provisional Program, Fellowship Meeting, Madison, Wis., April 30th, 1907

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

9:30 A. M.—Address of Welcome.....
.....REV. E. G. UPDIKE
Madison.

Response.....REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES
Chicago.

10:00 A. M.—Address.."The Interest of the Educator in Vital Religion".....
.....PROF. EDWARD A. ROSS
Of the University of Wisconsin.

10:25 A. M.—Address.."The Obligation of the Citizen to Establish Righteousness".....
.....PROF. P. S. REINSCH
Of the University of Wisconsin.

10:50 A. M.—Address.."The Relation of the Church to Moral Crusades".....
.....REV. JOSEPH CARDEN
Beloit.

11:15 A. M.—Discussion. Opened by.....
REV. FRANK A. GILMORE
Madison.

12:30—Lunch.

2:30 P. M.—Address.."The Rennaissance of the Stock Yards".....MISS MARY MCDOWELL
Head of the University Settlement, Chicago.

3:00 P. M.—Address.."The Duty of the Church in Modern Society"..PROF. C. J. GALPIN
Madison.

3:25 P. M.—Address.."The Call of the Underworld to the Religious Forces of Wisconsin".....REV. L. H. KELLER
Milwaukee.

3:50 P. M.—Discussion.."What Shall We Do About It?" Opened by....REV. C. A. OSBORNE
Secretary Congress of Religion.

6:00 P. M.—Fellowship Supper.

EVENING SESSION.

7:30 P. M.—Opening Exercises.

Address—"The Problem of Jesus".....
.....PROF. GEORGE B. FOSTER
Of the University of Chicago.

Address—"The Quickening of the Social Conscience".....RABBI E. G. HIRSCH
Chicago.

Subject to change, though all speakers have accepted.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Thaw Trial Over.

For a while at least the press will now be able to devote its front-page seventh column to something more important than the trial of young Thaw for a "mere vulgar, cowardly Tenderloin murder." It is quite true that the cheap notoriety conferred upon the slayer by wealth and by the social prestige of his family has contributed largely to the sordid prominence of this trial; but it is still truer that public interest in the case has been aroused to its present high pitch by the dramatic features that have been present from start to finish. Among these may be mentioned the brilliant clashes of counsel, the unexpected denouements, the widely divergent testimony of noted alienists, the tale of sorrowful shame which the defendant suffered to be told in open court—to his own lasting shame be it said—the spectacular appointment of a lunacy commission, the introduction of a large mass of irrelevancies, the "sublimated claptrap" of Mr. Delmas' illogical plea, the cold, convincing logic of the District Attorney, the disagreement of the jury, the remanding of the prisoner to custody to await a second trial. The public's interest in this human drama has been keen, but its indignant regret that the young degenerate could not have been finally disposed of by a carefully selected jury of his peers is still more keen.

Some Criticisms.

Public opinion is becoming more and more aroused to the necessity of certain improvements in our present methods of criminal court procedure. Much needed reforms are demanded. For instance, a criminal trial should be reduced to its lowest terms at the very start and rigidly kept there by the presiding justice. Like the first Shea trial in Chicago, the first Thaw trial lasted an unconscionably long time, and cost the community a great sum of money. Rank and revolting disclosures were made and published all over the world that pall upon the healthy mind as it recalls them. An intelligent jury defeated the end of justice by failing to agree, which under the circumstances was not surprising but certainly disappointing to a public anxious to see the matter settled. It was no trial, only a mistrial. The public probe must dig into this revolting sore again. Instead of confining the evidence solely to proving first, whether Thaw did kill White, and second, whether he was under the law sane and aware of the enormity of his act at the time, the presiding judge allowed irrelevant testimony in abundance to consume the court's valuable time. The county treasury, that is the taxpayers, must pay the bill. Mr. Delmas' attempt to show that a modern jury and a modern public is still susceptible to the beguiling influence of a now antiquated system of forensics was a dismal failure. His specious argument, his perfervid oratory, his inconsistent line of defense, his failure to hammer into validity with his reputed skill such considerations in behalf of his client as might have had weight with the jury, his endeavor to depict Thaw as a gilded defender of virtue, his inapposite and grotesque comparisons—were all a distinct disappointment. It would seem as though the jury, from the nature of the real evidence and the remarkably clear and concise charge of the court, ought to have been able to put Thaw where he would menace the community no more, and where he would no longer be a large source of expense to it. Finally, the trial, and more especially its concluding features, has shown the public beyond doubt that Thaw is a dissolute, immoral, unprincipled, unredeemed, worthless iliterate, who is either mentally unbalanced, in which event he should be incarcerated in some asylum, or a mentally responsible criminal, who should suffer the penalty prescribed by the statutes of the state of New York. His trial has been a fiasco.

Mr. Rogers and Providence.

The Delphic utterances of H. H. Rogers, as contained in a Baltimore publication last week, are being interpreted by the friends of the administration as indicating a covert attack on the President and his policies; a "rich men's conspiracy" to secure the election of a "reactionary" to the presidency next year. This interview, which appears to be authentic, is one of the few surface indications—Senator Foraker "swinging 'round the circle" in Ohio and anathematizing the administration in unmeasured terms is another—that sinning corporations are beginning to chafe under the leash of Federal regulation, and are longing for less strenuous days when rebates shall cease from troubling and Roosevelts be at rest. Mr. Rogers cites his belief "that Providence is on the side of this country and that everything will work out all right. * * * In a providential sort of way I believe the people are going to eliminate the factors that would stand in the way of continued prosperity. Continued agitation unsettles conditions, * * * and I believe that the sentiment of the country will have so crystallized within a few months that there will be a practically united demand for the strongest conservatism in the conduct of the government. We must have settled conditions." While in appearance harmless generalities, these excerpts certainly seem to be open to specific interpretation mentioned above. It is Standard Oil wincing under the strictness of its Federal tormentors, and groping for a bit of popular sympathy before venturing openly to defy the Rooseveltian idea.

Standard Oil "Guilty."

As a dramatic antithesis to Mr. Rogers' plea for "settled conditions," and claim that "the history of the petroleum development is full of providential happenings," comes the announcement of the conviction by a jury in Judge Landis' Federal Court of the Standard Oil Company for violating the interstate commerce law. This is the famous "Alton rebate case." Fourteen hundred and sixty-three counts of the indictment were sustained and form the basis of the verdict, each count carrying with it a minimum fine of $1,000. The precedent at last thus established will be a valuable one for the government, which has won only its first legal victory over the great corporation. After many years of open and flagrant rebate taking the oil trust has been fairly hooked, but of course the fight is not over. The "Standard" will not contract the habit of paying fines until every legal possibility has been exhausted, until the supreme pressure has been brought to bear. In the light of this criminal conviction and of an educated public opinion generally, Standard Oil naively posing as the chosen agent and coadjutor of Providence, and whimpering for "settled conditions," is not exactly an edifying spectacle, or one calculated to inspire popular reaction against a militant and effective administration.

Colonel Harvey vs. Colonel Roosevelt.

Among the many choice things which the dawning presidential campaign has elicited from Mr. Roosevelt's political enemies, we have seen none that for finished mordacity compares with the speech of the editor of the *North American Review* at the New York Democratic Club dinner last Saturday evening. When a vitriolic idea is clothed in carefully chosen and puissant linguistic garb, it becomes an object worthy of critical observation, like a work of art. After alluding to President Roosevelt in a striking metaphor as a "spectacle of blatant probity yawning from the pinnacle of self-appreciation," Colonel Harvey proceeds to grill him by this further characterization: "* * * a ruler, not necessarily young in years, but boyish in mind, in temperament, in impetuosity, in love of excitement, in passion for notoriety, irrational, yet so emphatic and insistent in expression as in effect to pose as the discoverer of all truths, while in fact only the enunciator of the principles or fallacies of others; maintaining each tenet with uncompromising arrogance until compelled to abandon it, and then shrouding his retreat in impregnable ambiguity; a constructive statesman by profession, a destructive politician in practice; in seeming a chivalric Orlando; in fact a Bombastes Furioso"!

James H. Eckels.

The sudden death of James H. Eckels last Sunday removes a man of some national as well as of considerable local prominence. In the face of senatorial opposition because of his youth and alleged inexperience Mr. Eckels became Controller of the Currency under the second Cleveland administration. His work in this difficult position was not only done with energy, ability and success, but endured triumphantly the supreme test imposed upon it by the trying panicky days of 1893 and after. Since his retirement from public life after McKinley's first election Mr. Eckels had been at the head of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago. He was a recognized leader in matters financial, a philanthropist who gave wisely if not largely, a genial, kindly man of religious inclinations, widely known and respected, a citizen of whose presence in her midst Chicago was always proud.

P. S. W.

I opened Jack London's latest book, "Before Adam." published by the Macmillans, rather expecting to find a silly mess of it, but the book is really very entertaining. It is not science, but it has a way of using science that is not only attractive but on the whole instructive. The book is a good one.

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—The root of courtesy, after self-respect, is in a fine sympathy with others.

MON.—Magnanimity means looking for the good, expecting it.

TUES.—The path of duty is still the predestined path.

WED.—Duty is not all in doing. Duty is not all in striving and battling—it is sometimes in waiting.

THURS.—The deep purpose of our being does not lie in anything that can be taken from us.

FRI.—Light up thy heart, thy imagination, and thy life with a great aim.

SAT.—This day I welcome to myself all good thoughts, and will that they should prompt and guide all my actions.

—*Wm. M. Salter.*

Nurse's Afternoon Out

Tuesday's the nicest day
That I know.
Joe and I think it is,
Don't we, Joe?
At two nurse kisses us good-bye;
We jump and shout.
It's mother's afternoon at home
And nurse's out.

If you could see our mother play
On the floor,
You'd never think she was as old
As twenty-four.
On Sunday, when she goes to church,
It might be;
But Tuesdays she is just the age
Of Joe and me.

At supper time we always have
A kind of treat—
Cracker animals and bread
And jam to eat.
Of all nice times the nicest is,
Without a doubt,
Mother's afternoon at home
And nurse's out.

—BETTY LAGE.

The Salvation of Ted—A True Story

He was an extremely ugly-looking dog, and his looks were quite in keeping with his temper. When he was not terrifying passers-by at one end of the yard or the other, he was most likely to be engaged in the rather exciting chase and slaughter of the neighbors' chickens. His general behavior toward me, personally, was civil—certainly nothing more than that, perhaps a little less, for, while he obeyed all my very direct commands, he treated my admonitions touching his bad habits with a cool indifference and swagger that bordered exceedingly near to open insolence. And yet we kept him; not because we loved him, for we did not, but solely because the baby loved him, and he loved and cherished the baby with all the fondness and loyalty of a human being.

Such a time as baby was outdoors, however, Ted was the embodiment of docility, and aside from occasional disputes with passing dogs, the entire neighborhood was allowed to rest in peace. Wherever baby went Ted was at her heels, and whatever baby did he regarded as pre-eminently right and proper, and all this in spite of the fact that she often compelled him to suffer the direst humiliation.

For something like three years matters ran along like this, when a series of events occurrerd which made it seem probable that Ted's unholy career was drawing to a close. First, he killed a valuable cat belonging to a nearby grocer; at least the grocer evidently thought it a valuable cat, for he assessed the damages at ten dollars. Then he must needs take a rather large piece out of a pair of drab pants belonging to a book agent, who, taking fright at the dog's unfriendly tones, had hurriedly attempted to leave without going by way of the gate, my first knowledge of the affair coming to me in the shape of a bill covering the cost of a pair of drab pants, and a citation to appear before a magistrate and answer to the keeping of a vicious dog. In the meantime there had come to be such a vehement and pointed protest against the wretched cur that I decided at last to offer him up to justice in my own behalf.

I remember the day vividly,—a bright, beautiful day, well toward the last of June,—and that I had occasion to remember it, the sequel will clearly show. As I left the house Ted and the baby followed me to the corner of the block, which, by the way, ran its entire length along the line of the great C. & A. Railway, where trains were passing hourly. Hastily kissing baby at the corner, I caught a car and went on my errand of death, wondering rather uneasily how baby would take the turn of events, for I knew—no one better—that she could give one a very unhappy half hour on extremely slight provocation, and here would be more than ample occasion. It was too late now, however, to turn back, and I went on with inward quakings and a growing doubt as to results.

On reaching the magistrate's office it required only a short time to adjust my own trouble and to arrange for the dispatch of the offending Ted. Other business, however, detained me, and it was almost noon before I started for home, in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. As usual I quitted the car at the corner above my house, and was walking at a somewhat quickened step, when I came in sight of home, but what I saw there stopped me instantly, and I stood utterly unable to move hand or foot. This is what I saw: my baby making her way from the open gate of the yard, half-way across the street to the railway tracks, down which was thundering a heavy express train less than a block away. I could neither shout nor make the slightest sign to attract her attention—I could not so much as close my eyes to shut out the horrifying sight before me.

It was an awful moment, but in that moment there bounded across the street, like a flash of yellow light, his hair standing on end along his neck, as though about to engage in a deadly conflict, the yellow dog whose execution I had just planned. In a fraction of the time it takes to tell it, he had caught the child by her garments and dragged almost from under the very wheels of the oncoming train. And then, as the train swept by, there went up such a shout as I had seldom heard before, for the streets were full of people by this time, and they had all seen what the brave and faithful dog had done.

It is needless to say that Ted was not delivered over to the executioner, nor did he want for friends or kind words; and strange to say, he gradually forsook all his evil ways.—*J. H. Rockwell.*

Mud Pies

The Grown-Ups are the queerest folks; they never seem to know
That mud pies always have to be made just exactly so.
You have to have a nice back yard, a sunny, pleasant day,
And then you ask some boys and girls to come around and play.

You mix some mud up in a pail, and stir it with a stick;
It mustn't be a bit too thin—and not a bit too thick.
And then you make it into pies, and pat 'em with your hand,
And bake 'em on a nice flat board, and my! but they are grand!

—*Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY | UNITY | ESTABLISHED 1878

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE
Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter

$2.00 PER ANNUM

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

WHAT FRANCE NEEDS TO-DAY.—"Perish Catholicism, perish Protestantism, provided only that France lives and the Gospel! Would that men, Christians, Catholics, Protestants, absolutely disinterested ecclesiastically speaking, or, rather, breaking with every existing ecclesiastical establishment,—all churches in France having lost the popular confidence and being alike discredited,—would that such men might arise and unite on the basis of a common love for France and the Gospel, to preach the latter to the former. Not the Gospel *à la* Catholic nor the Gospel *à la* Protestant, for of these France will have none, but the Gospel according to Jesus Christ, of which she stands so much in need and which she has not yet said she does not wish, since she is completely ignorant of it. Would that they might do this simply, broadly; going two and two, complementing and correcting one another, humbly, faithfully, a Catholic and a Protestant, laboring together among Catholics and Protestants—for you need not imagine, you Protestants, that it is we Catholics alone who need evangelizing and that all these willing workers might meet from time to time to confer on their common undertaking, to seek together the light and guidance of the Spirit, never to consider ecclesiastical questions; to share with one another their hopes and their trials, strengthening themselves in the bond of unity—*I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me;*—may they leave those to whom they preach the Gospel entirely free to organize as they see fit, and accustom them to regard themselves as brothers whatever their differences of organization. May they train them, not to that religious *dolce far niente* which dispenses with every effort, but to intensive action, within and without; in a word, make *men,* men acting as children of God, not in the narrow and poor sense of the word, but in the broad, full, forceful sense, men who will love God with all their heart, and with all their soul and with all their mind. May they build neither churches, temples nor chapels, but *mutuals:* housings for mutual aid societies for the extinction of all evils, physical, economic and social, as well as moral and religious. May they teach people to practice, not a renned, etherialized Gospel, nor one complicated with dogmatic subtleties, but a Gospel simple and strong, humanly intelligible and divinely redemptive, and to practice it in spirit and in truth. Yes, let such men be sought and found, let such arise, appear; men poor but good, poor and good even to foolishness, O divine foolishness of the Crucified One!—and I tell you that the soul of France, enamored of goodness and of generosity even to foolishness, will hail them with enthusiasm and will turn to them."

The above is but one—perhaps the most striking—passage from an altogether remarkable letter published in a recent issue of *L'Avant-garde,* an organ of French Christian socialists. The author, who signs himself simply Abbe X., is a Catholic correspondent of the paper as well as a long time reader of it. He prefaces this moving appeal with some very plain statements as to present conditions in France, which he says has so utterly ceased to be Catholic that a Roman Catholic restoration is as absolutely impossible as a monarchial one. On the other hand, Protestantism does not appeal to the mentality of the French people and will never supplant the old religion. Catholics and Protestants alike must fail because they regard their organizations as an end instead of as a means. Were they farsighted they would know that when either one fully realizes the gospel of Jesus Christ, both Catholicism and Protestantism will disappear. This is the aim that each should strive for.

The paragraph I have attempted to reproduce in English is followed by an exhortation to the youth of France in her seminaries and theological schools. "O youths of France," he cries, "you are the future. Be neither Catholics nor Protestants; do not sell yourselves, nor hire out your services to any church. There is something better for you to do than that. France has need of you. God calls you to serve her at this hour, the gospel in your hand and in your heart. I am sure that my appeal makes you thrill with enthusiasm and tremble with holy, joyous zeal. O you young men, Catholics and Protestants, prepare yourselves sacredly for the work of to-morrow, such as I have just outlined it to you. Work for that and for nothing else. Hitherto Catholics have worked only for Catholicism and Protestants only for Protestantism. Doing so both have failed. God always withholds success from the egoist. Seek to give yourselves only to God, to become united in God, to bring about in France the triumph of one sole cause, that of the gospel. And when you have completed your preparation, leave, I pray you, the robe of pastor and of priest. France has no need of these. Leave them hanging in the sacristies. Take the cloak, the staff, the sandals, of the apostle; provide neither wallet, nor money in your purse. There is such need of you everywhere that nowhere will you lack for anything. Up! Forward! Christian youth of France, and may God be with you! Yours is the word and the future!"

Hardly less admirable than this letter is the way it is received by the Protestant editor to whom it is addressed. Calling special attention to it in a leading editorial, Pastor Roth expresses unqualified sympathy with its "denunciation of that cursed egoism which sterilizes the efforts of all the churches" and with the appeal for that something better above and beyond all churches toward which all should strive. He defies any one to read it without feeling moved to the depths and thrilling with enthusiasm.

"Let no one say," he continues, "that we Protestants do not need it. It is the great misfortune of Protestants that they regard themselves as people who have arrived. . . . Protestantism is no longer a method, it is a religion; not merely the best, but the only. It is the aim and end of religious evolution. It is definite Christianity."

Time and space fail for further excerpts, but what an inspiration it would be were it possible to hear Abbe X. and Pastor Roth at our religious congress in Boston next September! Signs are not wanting that France may soon press us hard in the field of advanced religious leadership as well as in the peace movement.

M. E. H.

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